Slavospjev Smrti

Zmijolike Pjesme

Serpentine Songs

The Glory Chant for the Death

Trnoružica

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Slavospjev Smrti

Zmijolike Pjesme

●

Na raskrižju ima slavljenja i smionosti te toliko mnogo više od toga! I prije, i poslije, i nakon. Evo. Tako ide. Putovanje bez kraja i početka – i zamaranja mizernih i tjesnogrudnih. Poema treba ispričati nedovoljnost riječi postojećih i svojim zavodljivim stihovima usprkos svemu slaviti ono što se opisati ne može dovoljno dostojno u punini svoje uzvišenosti i neizmjernosti. Eto kako se razliježe spjev što će u satima vremena bijednoga trajanja obožavati te veličati Luč najmračniju nad najmračnijima.

Prečista tamnoćo, skupi sile odreda zakletih! Tvoja je sila ta što premca nema. Bez premca. Bez... Čak i kada se nema nož što može zasjeći nježnu kožu, raskinuti žilavo meso gotovo zaklato i razlomiti čvrste kosti i prekinuti svaku nit i trunku životnosti. I kada čekanje čini divlje-surovu nostalgiju većom. Kada vjerni moraju biti skriti kao prerušeni odmetnici među stokom za klanje. Pa i onda se štuje sila takva. Svijet se mrači... A starina vuče konce da ih raspori. U mističnosti. Prijezir skrije uzroke nezamislive šutnje.

Zar je ono slap crnih voda što pada naopako?

Stojim gdje je zdenac sumračan. Što to izvodi ovdje taj silni crnotvorac? Nije to! Nije! Nije stvorio nestvorenu crninu svoje vode nemogućeg krasa, već ju samo prenosi i donosi. Donosi ju bliže. Jača. Žeđ nam nestaje u tami.

Tamnoćo prečista, čaraš! Čaraš! Čaraš! Oboružani slavom crne časti, naziremo moć odmetničkih sila. U uglovima misli, čežnja, želja, subverzivne nakane svagda plamsaju.

I promeće se moć kroz žile! Opažaj pravi za dostojanstven koncept. Za zavojite staze tona krvavoga!

Ton ne jenjava. Tamo je, tamo... Tamo gdje je muk najviše prekrasan. Zove. Ječi u muku. Ječi u srcu. Širi se nevidljiv i u srca onih što ga čuju donosi svoje melodije (ostatke one Melodije otprije svijeta i vijeka).

Time se slavi. Kako se slavi? Smrt se vjekovječno slavi!

Oh, kada provirimo između čestica prostora i zraka, između čestica viđenoga i neviđenoga, u pukotine što nalik na tamne žile pokazuju smjer kolajućoj krvi! Pogled nam se izgubi još dalje i pitaju se mnogi kuda i u što to gledamo. Gdje to gledamo? Ali ne izgubiše se pogledi, nego hotimice gledaju u uspomenu na svoj Dom, baš kao da pred sobom imaju čitavu knjigu slika starih, prastarih, koja im dopušta da vjerno prikazano i ponovno osjete svoju Istinu. Toliko nadohvat ruke. Kao da moramo tek korak napraviti i već smo tamo. Tamo, gdje muk ne jenjava.

Toliko je blizu. Toliko daleko. Ali uvijek i zanavijek blizu. Bliže od blizu... Riječi hvale, riječi slave – putujte u nebo, u zrak, u tamu, u svjetlo, u zemlju, u ponor, u vodu, u nizine i dubine i visine! U odmetništvo u beščinje.

I pri velebnom potamanjenju činit će se razblaženom vlastita pobješnjela misao! Zbog toga što o kraju uvijek postoje i predznaci. Tu je takvo mišljenje. Život je umiranje. U okružju, dok samo potražiš predznak, već sve postojano umire. Tu su studeni dani. Svaki je život umiranje.

S mirom. S mirom u srcu. I zaista. Tamo je. Mir drukčijeg izgleda. Nestalan koliko i stalan. Ako ti je poznato, slavi. Proslavi. Blagoslovi ovu crnu čast. A ako ne? Ako ne, jakost se ionako ne može nikada smanjiti. I slabo i iluzorno jest samo izrazitog žaljenja vrijedno! Ali mir... Ali ton...

Uputiti se tamo... gubiti se u tamošnjoj Nigdini – što može biti bolje i ljepše? Naprotiv, to je pripadanje, a nikako gubljenje. Ljepšega nema. Nema.

Neće propasti što dna nema. I neće se ostati na istom mjestu znajući da mjesta nema. Tako i odista tako! To je sila nevjerojatna za pojmiti.

Prečista tamnoćo, čaraj! Blagoslivljam! Otpozdravljam! Moje poštovanje. Tamo je bliže od tu i zna se kraj tamnoće blještavoga crnila. Zna se, zna se. Pobornici Nigdine i izrijekom znaju što je prava Strana. Stoga veliča se čistoća mračnija od najmračnijega! I pojačava se ton siktajuće melodičan. I nastavljaju se melodije. I usuđuje se pratiti... Tajom se uvrnutim šapuću formule opake.

⟸

Tehomoth Theli Thaumithan Rahab Leviathan Tanin'iver Taninsam!

Tehomoth Theli Thaumithan Rahab Leviathan Tanin'iver Taninsam!

Tko će počuti himnodiju za Smrt?

Do bitke, do bitke krajnje! S najviše grane, vidi se, krv klizi poput suza radosti. To ubojni kovitlac pronosi svoju oluju i kao da je tihi tornado prisvaja, no samo ono što smatra opravdanim. Pramoć zahtijeva svoju vlast. Do bitke, do bitke krajnje!

Ubojico bez premca, dovedi u predsoblje svoje sve one svježe žrtve što dočekuju kraj! Dok žarovi peku. I dok slabašna svjetla u daljini prolaze. Ne čudi (klicanje plješće) se previše. Nadomak smo Mraka mrakovita. Ne pretjeruje se previše. Ne bezrazložno. Plijen slabi prilike poznatog. I sve više slabe drskosti promašene! Umoritelju presilni, odvedi u potih mir.

Do bitke, do bitke krajnje! Kosa (zar hrastova?) vlada u žetvi i njen oštar zamah! Kaos vlada u moći i njegovo nesmiljeno odličje! Ma kakav putokaz je potreban?

U viđenju što nalikuje snu, priviđenju i ukazanju, otvara se bistra slika Praiskona. Stanja nalik svemu što nije. Stanja začudnog, moćnijeg od sveg najdostojnijeg. A pred njim, u prozirnoj sjenovitoj skici, znakonosno obilježje stoji. Simboličnom magijom kao da raspisuje kodeks za srca hladna obasjana mrakom s plamenom vatrenitijim od vatrene stihije.

Prema tome, kodeks posvećujemo! Nek se u tom sadržaju pomiješa moć i ljubav, pravda i sila, istina i izgredništvo, čast i ubitačnost, srčanost i bijes, snaga i sloboda pa i napretek neizrecivih i dvojbenih odlika. Dovoljne vjernosti su u ovoj pojavi jer upravo od početaka lome svaki komadić kukavnosti. Do bitke, do bitke krajnje!

Skretanje ulijevo. Nas zvijezda skriva i baš onda dok pratimo kodeks, žrtva za žrtvom, u predostrožnoj okrutnosti, polagano se odvlači u

raspadanje da se bolje raširi i proširi poštivana energija. Ta crnolika raskoš što obuzima i čula i nadosjete sa sublimnim bajom. Divna jezivost u ovostranosti i onostranosti. S ushićenjem poštovanje kliče.

Do bitke, do bitke krajnje! Za oprečne postavke nemoj suditi dok u danima oduvijek ima noći. Ubojstva promiču kroz stoljetna življenja i ne bježe od svjetla... To nisu samo ponoćna istrebljenja.

Ima nešto znano u traženju većega štovanja božanstvene Smrti. Neodoljivo je ovim (nazvat ću ih opakočinskim) čeznućima. Za moje putešestvije opremljenost je odanost bez ikakvih granica. Kakva se tek zastava vije na tom pustolovnom putu!

Do bitke, do bitke krajnje! Hitnja prema zacrtanoj namjeri postepeno rješava sporne izazove. Nada je ova različita od dosadašnje. Nada je ova draža i radije dobrodošla. Do bitke, do bitke krajnje!

Nastavlja se odano.

▼

Od nedokučivih dubina pa do nedokučivih visina doseže hvat razarajuć. Iz izvođenih borbi pa do mirnih čekanja pa se tako i pronalazi slava u najmanjim naslućivanjima ljepota. Pa ne smeta ni viđenje nekih propadajućih gomila mesa; prašnjavih ostataka na otkinutoj skulpturi od kraljevina. Smak za jednog jest sloboda za drugog.

Ovo je ono što ne trune u opadanju. Vodi isključivo u podaleku Dolinu gdje i treba voditi.

Blagoslovi ovu mržnju! Blagoslovi našu mržnju! Blagoslovi svoju mržnju!

Zašto tako podaleko? Blizu je, blizu... Kada se u ograničenjima glasa ne može proglasiti i proslaviti dovoljno glasno, glas zamijeni čudno čujni nepravi glas što svladava i najsitniju prepreku i najgolemiju prepreku. Što je razumijevanje bez dopuštenja razumijevanju da se razumije? Gubi se, gubi! Ne čeka se naredba kad je ljubav tu.

Ali ovdje se treba na mržnju vratiti. Na kojem će se mjestu odraziti njezini razarajući plamenovi što pale do pepela? S kakvom mržnjom će se i pepeo zapaliti? Masa mržnje koja može buktjeti gore od lomače neprestano izlazi iz prikrajka u koji se skloni. Zar itko zapravo misli da može biti drugačije? Kao da je zatomljena mržnja nestala... Kako bi to bila istina? Ne izviri li i takva zatomljena mržnja kad joj dosadi biti zatomljenom?

Samo da se pomisli na nekakvog ubojicu koji se pravedno osvećuje uskraćujući mirno i prirodno umiranje onome koji mu je pokušao učiniti nepravednu povredu i zbog toga iznio njegovu mržnju na vidjelo – samo da se pomisli – i već se može u cijelosti prisjetiti najgorih vlastitih mržnja. Obuzimanje cjelokupnoga bića tom bujicom sile nazvanom *mržnja* može tako naočigled iznenadno preobraziti miroljubivu osobnost u najstrašnijeg neprijatelja što je poput nahuškanog i obodrenog ratnika

spreman žrtvovati svoj dotadašnji život da izvrši svoju ratničku pravednost.

Zar je to pad? Zar je pad ili uzdizanje? Koje je? Koje?! Uzvišenje je! Uzvišenje! Pravedno uzvišenje.

Uostalom, kako će netko govoriti o padu u onom slučaju kada ne postoji ni „gore“ ni „dolje“? I tako i tako; ne može se vječnost suprotstaviti onome još dostojnijemu od njene dostojnosti koje je i vječnije od vječnosti i nevječno, ali vjekovječno. Bez pretjerivanja.

Sa svakom stepenicom prema uzvišenju što se čini kao da vodi dolje u zjapeću provaliju takve vječnosti nepoznatoga, jedan je djelić savršenosti vraćen na svoj pravedan položaj. Koliko li je to lijepo! Gotovo izmami na oči jedne od onih rijetkih vrijednih suza koje su isto ispunjene divljenjem koje ih je i izmamilo.

Savršenstvo je samo jedan od pojmova koji se čini dovoljno izražajan da može otprilike dočarati ono što je već toliko uzvišeno, ali neka svejedno još dodatno uzvisujemo to savršenstvo! Nikad dosta uzvisivanja – kad je baš toliko savršeno! Koliko li je savršeno! Koliko li je lijepo! Što god bilo, ne može se ni netko ni išta niti usuditi opovrgnuti to poštovano savršenstvo – jer bi to dovelo samo u najgadnija samozavaravanja.

Dodatno uzvisiti! Zašto ne? Zar može biti još savršenije? Kakva strašno savršena pomisao! Ipak, svakako treba dodatno uzvisiti savršenstvo – jer zaslužuje vrijednu hvalu! Ipak je poželjno divljenje u obožavanju. U grandioznim počastima kojima se trudi osloviti idiličnu svjetlost. U prohladnim atmosferama kao da plamen ove časti još jače gori – zbori hvalospjevnu pjesmu i tako uči o ubitačnoj ledenoj hladnoći i ubitačnoj vatri što razara, a oboje zajedno djeluju kao da nemaju protivne osobnosti. Vode li to u Smrt?

Dok potraje snažna moć, već se preobrazila u snažniju. No nije se zaista preobrazila – to je samo izraz. Izraz samo. Jer nije se promijenila iako je snažnija. Iako se stalno mijenja. Ali bez krivoga shvaćanja, i mijenja se i ne mijenja ujedno. To je samo izraz. Previše je zadivljujuća sama ta moć za sve izraze kojima joj se može diviti.

Da se dovede i ovo u pitanje, pozvat će se zaključivanje da kratko obrati pozornost na ono što je moguće i ono što je nemoguće. Što može biti istinska suprotnost svemu? To je prava moć! Zar je nemoguće ono što se

čini nemogućim? Ne, nemoguće je moguće. Kao što je i pokazano bezbroj puta. Kada nemoguće prijeđe iz nemogućeg u moguće, razvoj se nastavlja.

I nije ni grozna sumnja dovoljna da se umanji istinita vjera! Obrću se ustanovljeni sužanjski zakoni. Hvala uglas!

X

Jedno je određeno mjesto gdje se stane, promišljajući o smjeru i cilju puta. Dobro porazmisliti treba. No ne; odmahivanje glavom. Smijanje... Ipak nije potrebno razmišljanje i odlučivanje. Sloboda od odluke! Već se zna i smjer, i cilj, i svrha. Znalo se i prije. S mišlju da je to bilo tek beznačajno kratko stajanje, put je u cjelovitosti zacrtan. Bez vraćanja. Bez žaljenja na putu.

Uvođenje u dugo putovanje je osobit uvod za najveće traganje. Iz prikladnog zamračenja misli u prikladnije pomračenje misli. U tom smislu su pomračene misli već tu i samo u dodatno jačanje svoje snage dovode... Misli čine ružnoću snagom. Iz prikladnog zamračenja u prikladnije pomračenje!

A unutar je vika: Salve Kaos! Slava Smrti!

Dok se sva duša ispunjava milim mrakom, priznanje se ni ne mora izgovoriti. Najveće i najmoćnije, najljepše i najistinitije, najsavršenije i najokrutnije, najrazornije i najmilije – kako da se oslovi?! Zaista tako! Zaista!

Vidi ova drzovita djelovanja kako se vrzmaju na svom putovanju bez naročite žurbe! Strpljivo, raspoloženo i čvrsto uvjereno u kratkoću svake dugotrajnosti. Ovako je odlučeno kada sudbina ni ne može biti nikakva drukčija. To je čista istina. I najstrašnije i najgore posljedice malene su u usporedbi s ciljem i putem do tamo.

Za ono što je najvažnije – neupitna odanost! Znam što sam – odričem se nametnutog. Priznajem da mi je duša ispunjena najljepšom ljepotom kada pomisli na ono što joj je važno. Ali tek da se toliko namučim pokušavši to opisati za zasluženi ponos – prihvatit ću riječi slave.

Pobjednički do oslobođenja! Gori mi u duši! Svrati na ratničku proslavu koja želi ugostiti posljednju konačnu bitku. Zvjerolika je neman ta s pobjedničkim bojama – crnjima od crne. Prava je svjetlost ispred svih –

prava! U ostavljenim stopama ostavljeni su i prividno čađavi uzorci neprekidno gorućih najčudonosnijih iskri. Pokrij samo dio ubijanjem i ubijanje se vrati u ubojitom ciklusu. I kroz ogledavanje putovanja bez povratka rasvijetliše se konture Veličanstva pokazujući jedino letimičnu veličinu što ostavi nezamislivo zadivljenje. Zato su zbiljski časni postupci (koliko god potpuno zli ili dobri bili) učinjeni uvijek sa skromnom (na pravi i savršeno ironičan način skromnom) posvetom za najvažniju Istinu.

U kakvoj se jami ugleda veličanstvena suprotnost zvjezdanoga neba? Vlastitim i posebnim se načinima javlja ova sila iz najodličnijega crnila...

Slava Smrti!

Cijenjeni Vladaru, sa zavidno predivnim plamenovima pročisti osjetila sva!

Pripadati tamo kamo krv nasljeđa priziva s potajnim glazbenim frekvencijama – čeznutljiva je emocija. Tamo je pravi Dom. Tamo gdje je moć premoćna. Oduševljeno proroštvo pokazuje trijumfiranje ispred hodnika zavitih u studenu boju. Za Majku slavan pozdrav! U borbenosti što ne umire pronađe se primjer; borbeno se upraviše neustrašivi postupci... Ali uvijek prema onom Odredištu, pravomu Domu. Slijeđenje, slijeđenje do tamo. I otprije odredišno načelo razgraničava i sja usred izvora sanjive more... Slavni pozdravi prate u stopu. Eno moćnog zaposjedanja! S plamenovima iskazuje vlast bez premca. Za Oca iskrena slava!

Od obreda izronjava sigurnost u pobjeđivanje kao da je morsko čudovište samouvjereno izašlo iz najskrovitijega zaklona. A na vrhu svih tamnolikih obreda bistro je uklesan pečat Vladara. Bistro i jasno, bez mutnine u valovlju znanja, oslikava tu ljepšu pojavnost.

Ima korak kao cvjetnjak od kristala i snagu kao da je rođak rata. I u svoj mrklini koju posjeduje, ipak sablažnjava kao živi leš; bljedolikosti kao planinski snijeg. Znanje kao mudrosni skup, a žezlo kao dubina noći! Prebrojati se neće osobine što ih nosi.

Voljen je od mnogih. Poštovan od mnogih. Zar strah izaziva? Zar užas? Zar bol? Voljen je i poštovan. Bistrina nam otkriva...

U svoj zaboravnosti ostaju upamćene pretprošle linije otrovnoga soka djelotvornijeg od svakog pažljivo pripremljenog napitka. Nisu li to značajne osjenčane pustoši što oduzimaju dah – nekome divotom, a nekome gušenjem? Ili je čak jednoliko.

O Premračni Mračni, pročistite smrtne osjećaje! Ne zaboraviše pojedini vjernici postaviti stupove slave za ispjevane neobuzdane melodijske

fraze. Jer neugasiva je njihova Volja. Ne, nije oganj što ne izgara bez zraka! Već je to nešto veće i neokrznuto, pa čak ni gubljenjem. I glasnije je od pada.

Čuva se krunidbeni zapis. Sačuvan, pun jeze. Čarnošću protkan. Ali se tinta kojom je ispisan presijava od krvavih tragova. I premda će dovesti u neki stari mir, u službi koja proizlazi iz onog što sadržavaju samo najodanija srca zadobit će nagradu za veličinu kojom pretvara opsjednutost u istinitost.

Prelamajuće je urušavanje ruševina i bučno prolazi pored razmještenih položaja ruševnih zdanja. No zvuk koji sliči zvuku frule umiruje do onog umirenja koje se osjeti u prvoj minuti kada se mlado djetinjstvo probudi zbog rasvjetljivanja što sijeva ispred zatvorenih očiju. Upravo zbog maštanja o uništavajućim namjerama, pohvale koje se čuju prije zadnjeg razornog buđenja zvuče kao taj zvuk.

Tebi pripada Dom! Mnogo više toga također.

Tvoje je. Tvoje!

Putešestvije i jedan zaton u pripomoć pozvani... A s onim slobodnim prasjećanjima i nijemost bi pronašla glas da se odazove. Otkloni zastor sumnje, časti crna, i predoči koliko oštrije od smatranoga sjaš! Hrabrošću osigurani bodeži poredani su u takvim nenadanim mjestima da se ne mogu zamijeniti s lešinarskim potjerama. Jer tako mora biti.

Omašno je stijenje pravde i ponosa! Ono štiti u svom hladu predodžbu primarnoga stanja Ništavila koje je nenadmašno i s predrevnom je svetošću i s nula gnjusnosti. Sada je bistrovid razbor produhovljen i inspirativno za taj zavičaj čini svečanost i svečanost ne mine u ovakvom refleksnom veselju. Sada se ponašanje natječe u veličanju Svetosti.

Blagoslovi ovu ljubav!

Iz dugih udaljenosti, i brže od svake munje, u mislima i krvi i djelima, bez ikakvog umaranja, opisuje se neopisivost... toliko ljepša od ljepote. Ali ne za opis! Ne za opis... Za slavu! Za slavu! Za povratak!

I ništa nije stvarnije od te Svetosti! Zato je povratak tamo neizbježan. I uporno se ukazuje. I predrevni i mlađi borci izraniše nestabilna vlakna pritvora... Netko proročki vidi veliko Zgarište. Pritvor zato nikada ne bješe stvaran.

Dok ima krvi, krv će teći. Kako različito teku krvi! Ali koja krv ima posebnost suprotstavljenih težnji? Dok se prilazi do ne tako dalekih zavičajnih najavljivanja, krvne značajke kao da pjevuše obrnutu uspavanku.

Ne treba sanjati vojsku mrtvaca, kad su i sve ostale manje ili više mrtve. Zašto bi to bilo turobno? Tvrdnja je donijeta; da je davno otkrit plam što stražari uz izlaz iz sna svakojega.

I nakon ovoga; što bi mogla biti java? Ali već se odvijaju mnoge radnje opasnih prženja. A tko bolje poznaje vatru!? Vatra prži, ali uništava brzo. Pročišćava kada treba. Začudo opstaje draga. I pomaže... Iskovat će se

obožavanje koje će zavrijediti više odlikovanja. Više vrijednosti. A obožavan je vrhunski vrsnik u, nerazmetljivo zapisano, neograničenosti. Povlaštenost i treba biti posjed toga vrsnika. I dok upućujemo sva raznolika čestitanja koja nam padnu na pamet, ta će povlaštenost zasjati obimnije od trilijardi zvijezda padalica.

Tek još ima zadržavanja na neodoljivim izričajima koji predlažu položaje uglednosti izvornoj Bezuvjetnosti. Ima li još prikladnijih položaja, i njih će se pripisati izvornoj Bezuvjetnosti. Može se tako unedogled. Let po let, skok po skok, hod po hod; uvijek sa skupljanjem traženoga, i do završetka zadnje potrage. Nije skrito, nego nenametljivo u bezuvjetnoj vladavini. Nije skrito, nego traje.

Traje davnina u željeznim odbljescima naoružanih neophodnosti.

♦†

Mudrost si s draguljnim slavolukom!

Jasno i odlučno, koristit će se oni pridjevi i nadjenuta imena što mogu prizvati najveličajnije izražajnosti...

Mrazna duša nabraja neizbrojiva herojstva. Je li to potrebno, ne mora se propitkivati jer naposljetku i to ima svrhu. Barem da se još malo riječima proslavi. Kao što biljčice ne proizvode zvuk, a ispripovijedaju bitne priče, tako i pažljivo birane riječi pripovijedaju više od tihih mrtvih slova. Gdje li sve neće biti mudra tama! Svijetlo biće posjeduje sjenu. Biljke posjeduju znanost. I krv posjeduje nasljedstvo!

Iza, iza koprenastih šumovitih zidova zaviruje se u znanje što ruši granice. S prikradanjem i povelikim moćima pa do korijenastih davljenja! Neće se pronaći bolja ukleta šuma. Kao da je starija od starosti... Vremešno tihomice gubi svoje vrijeme.

No neprestano divljački smijeh odjekuje kroz nekakvu zloradost. I preostaje takva čežnja za glavnim Krajem da se ne može zanemariti prisutni odaziv pred glavnim Krajem jer je to onaj što uvodi tamo gdje su vladavina i onaj što vlada nerazdvojivi u prevlasti.

Iza, iza tih koprenastih zidova preostat će što s pravom pripada. I bit će to više od zvjerstva dok se u lutajućim pokretima stapa s nijansom koju žrtva ugleda u zjenicama zvjerstva.

Ovo je sloga usmjerena prema slavi. Vrata za zamisliti imaju natpis što kaže NEDOKUČIVO, no zapravo se otvaraju bez napora kada se zna kako. Koliko li ih je već prošlo kroz ta vrata! Dok se gubi vrijeme... Ovo je sloga!

Iza, iza koprenastih je zidova magična jedrina koja voli osloboditi i spasiti. I s njom je bliže strahovita Dolina osvijetljena crnim svjetlilom. Ali pritajeno iza svih koprenastih zidova čeka izvor koji nema početak, već samo Istinitost.

Iza, iza koprenastih zidova u daljnju nekonvencionalnu slavljeničku plovidbu. U pobjedu zacrnjene sreće!

Jer tamo, tamo je; Bezdno. Jer je tamo Bezdno! Ustuknuti ili slaviti?

Mudrost si poput draguljnog pustošnika...

Zasvijetli Mudrošću!

Ostavljam umještvo mračnolikog utjecaja kao ornament. Uvijek je tu. U najsitnijim fokusima izlazi i očarava. Pridonosi li ovo proslavljenim zalascima ili čini neznano umijeće? Prosudba i sada ustaje iz svoje grobne rupe da svojim umrlim mirisom prosvijetli svaku vrstu očiju po zasluzi koja ne mora biti moralna.

Treba li biti stišan bojni poklič? Tko zna što je tišina? Zar onaj koji je otišao do ruba umiranja i osjetio pojačanu tišinu? I ima li nekoga tko može objasniti tišinu razumljivije od znalačkih tumačenja? Ali znamo koje je Melodije tišina najviše lijepa.

Zadržava se nekakva ustrajnost u tome što se ne moraju više birati skretanja. Nema više nejasnoća. Ostaje se bez njih. I u svakoj pojedinoj hvali ima skrivenih dodatnih osjećaja što služe kao dar. Poželim preuveličati, ali to je nemoguće. Nije to smetnja. Nimalo. Bar se može pokušavati preuveličavati iznova.

I zar je teško odoljeti izazovima kada osjetiš naznake Slobode? No, što je to što lebdi kao da struji u pritajenim vidokrugovima? Evo i još pokušaja što vrve kao u opisnim rovovima...

To je crnovez! Baš ispred svih uspješnih trijumfiranja. Crnovez je ispred. Kao suptilni lahor dolazi od svjetlila tamnijeg od najtamnijeg opsidijana. I neka ne stane plamtjeti dok ima potrebe za takvim vatrama!

Blistav kao blago... Od prijenosnih mračnoća i do ostvarivanja neostvarivoga. Ponosan kao neustrašiv junak. Od opasnosti i do spokojnih vatri tamnijih obasjavanja. Dovoljno je. Takvo je blago dovoljno. I u nedovršenim ciljevima navještava ispravnu premoć.

Osluhni! I osluhni!

Iako ne treba pravo govorenje, obraćanje i dalje isijava iz ogromne crnoće. U odličnosti koju se neće napustiti. I već je bilo pretpostavljanja što su poput neokrhnutih lubanja sačinili cijelu planinu samo za veličanstven doživljaj nad kojim će sjati crnoća od crnog jutra pa do crne večeri. I kada se napuste tijela i mjesta, čak će i pretpostavljanje ostati ono oduvijek znano. Prešlo je u tvrdnju. Zato se može još više veseliti slaveći podivljale snage. Zato što je i shvatljivo da je u ratništvu najbitnije sjetiti se cilja. A odlučno se mora diviti sijevanju iz dubina mračnolikih. Diviti se Svjetlosti što je vjekovječna.

Svijetli! I svijetli!

Svijetli tako moćno sa snopovima crnoće!

Promjenjivost ustraje prema većem očaravanju. Povremeno čak u nepogledivim bljeskovima koji su spoznati s melankolijskom vizijom. A u javljanju kao da čekanje nestaje. U zamrznutim stopama istabani su znaci što će odvesti pred konačan sat. Zove... To zove Ain.

Kako neophodno mora biti uzvišen uspjeh! Kako uzvišen kada su donijeta tolika uzdarja. Javljati se u obredu je kao ništa naspram toga koliko ugledan može biti tračak mračne Svjetlosti koja dolazi od tamo. Zadržava svoja obilježja tako dobro da se ni zbroj svih dostojnih naslova ne čini dostatan.

Ni pomoć koja pritekne nije daleko od osjećanja dragih istinoljubivosti. Ne mora se dokazivati jer je pokazano. Pokazano je kako treba pratiti. Pokazano je u snagama što s duhovnošću sačinjavaju pratnju. Pokazano je koliko su veličanja puna iskrenosti. Pokazano je sa zapanjujućim pronalascima. Pokazano je onima koji su razvidjeli pokazano.

Nikada nije bilo nepoznato. Kao da netko pomisli da će hodajući ukrug stići izvan kružnice...

Ne mora se kružiti oko lomača kada one okružuju. Ali pojedine vatre... pojedine vatre imaju potpuno različit žar. Potpuno različito dobacuju svjetlo i imaju potpuno različitu svrhu te potpuno različitu toplinu koja bi se lakše nazvala hladnoćom, no grije bolje. To su samo neke od suprotnosti.

Za svaku od njih bit će donesena prikladna himna. Možda već i jest.

Iz njih će se čuti zvuk krvi.

Iz vrtložnih padina što nalikuju na završetak labirinta od avetinja, mogla bi se izvesti nada što poboljšava zamračene svrhe. To su sve zanimljivija razmišljanja, slobodnija od nekih postavljenih prepreka.

Kao što zmija proždire svoj plijen, izvedena nada proždire što stoji između nje i zajedničke svrsihodnosti. A opet pridonosi da uočiš bajnu izobraženost. Zadivljen postaneš. Ne mora se kajati. Mora se ponositi. Uvidje se gdje počinje bitka i završava boj.

Pokazano je u tami koja vodi. Pokazano je u svakome znaku kraj kojega se prođe. Pokazano je u drevnom osjećaju.

To pamćenje još služi! Ili ne može biti izbrisano ili je toliko istinito da je više nego sveprisutno. Nije za sve. A i to je utješno raspravljanje. Zato s raspravljanjima koja pomućuju osjećaje uvijek dolazi i šačica prahova tog pamćenja da ih vrati u samosvojno stanje.

I onaj nadgrobni spomenik koji se trudimo zamisliti nije ni sličan onima ostalima kojima se odaju nezaboravne počasti. I to je ono što ponekad u najsnažnijoj mjeri veseli u ovim kutcima obavijenim prahovima drevnoga pamćenja.

Šaljemo pritom zrnca prahova u prisjećanja na starije moći.

Šaljemo naše srdačne čestitke Smrti.

Preko i tu, odvlačenje pokojnih snova ostacima vješala... I to u nesumnjivoj prisebnosti.

U povjerenju za koje se produžuje muk što se začuje u krvnome zvuku!

I šalje se još srdačnih čestitki Smrti. Nezaustavljivo. Još je trepet veličanoga sjaja pričuvna sila koja ne može imati premca.

Uskoro se stiže u mračni čas.

⚔

Dobra nam kob!

Na nanosima crnoveznog divljaštva putuje hrabrost boraca. I moguće je da zabit koja, očigledno, stremi obuhvatiti i živa pričinjavanja i neživa pričinjavanja može zbuniti svojim mudrostima. Ali i ako se može zaustaviti, ne znači da ne može doseći najdalje krajeve.

Obratiti se u ovome metežu legendama... U ovome nema zapreka. Pećina legendi snagu pokazuje sudbine očekivane. A snaga se ne zaustavlja. Možda nije dosta, ali zasigurno ovo mogu izreći: bezuvjetan! Neograničen! Neograničen i bezuvjetan! Možda nije dosta, ali kad sam već tu, opet ću ponoviti: bezuvjetan i neograničen! Neograničen i bezuvjetan!

Unesi u djela pomračene postavke – i nedostupno će se promijeniti u dostižnije. No dopuštenje neće (naglasak na neće) zavarati kada u sebi nosi vjerovanje temeljeno na starosnim drevnostima. Nekima treba crn mir. Mir boljega tona.

Čuje se zvuk krvi. Previše predivno. Slomi se grobnica dosad zaključana! Nikad nije bilo uzaludno.

Otkad je bilo svrhovitih razloga, borilo se ravno do pobjede.

Voljno ističem još ovo: taman kao ponoć, bljeskutaviji od čarobnoga osvita, moćan kao nepojmljiva nadmoć i veličanstveniji od skupova zviježđa!

Ali kroz uništavanje... Kroz uništavanje – to je još istaknutije. Raniti i ubiti! Opustošiti?! Raniti i ubiti!

Raniti i ubiti! Savjesno ratovanje mora imati takav zahtjev.

Upravo je u poprištu sahranjeno nebrojeno unakaženosti. I to nije nikakva izlika za napuštanje zadanoga položaja. Pored ostalog, neki mrtvoliki mrmor privlači prema dalje, kamo i uvažen zadatak pokazuje.

Isto treba biti uzvišena i ova ubilačka crta što pohara okrutnije od svih ratova udruženih u jedan. Za razliku od tih prošlih ratova, u ovome uzvišenome haranju nema tuge jer se i ona lako zatre.

Prema tome su upućena sječiva. Drugo bi bilo oskudno.

Osvojiti nagradu ili pokoriti? Ne treba se mučiti ovakvom dvojbom. Kažem ne! Neću objasniti što mogu smatrati nagradom, jer ju smatram nečim višim. Naše želje (ako ćemo ih tako nazvati) idu dalje.

Bojišnica nam je tako prirodna! Udahnuti njen zrak je refleks. Birati njezine prijetnje je izvjesnost. Tradicija je tako pažljivo održana!

Bojišnica nam je tako prirodna. Tradicija je tako pažljivo održana.

A na zapetljan stil nije pravilan protuučinak ometenost – kad se pomoću njega zamućenje može razbistriti. Kada se to dogodi, razina neograničenih prava se približi.

I prema tome su vođena sječiva.

Pripremno i pouzdano.

Kako bi bilo postignuća tamnovitoga raskošja.

Darivam i darivam žrtvu.

U prepadu razvoj smaknuća zapljusne!

Pomak da lom vjekova zatrpa preostale lijesove i da odstrani što se nakupilo kroz sitničave prolaznosti. Sigurno je i najsigurnije. Namjerna je višeznačna zadubljenost u ovome prevladavajućem zasjenjenju. U tome je sličnost lukavoga kucanja zakletih srca s kucanjem što ga čini jedinstvena kosturna šaka.

Slavi se, slavi! U crnom i u čari. S istrgnutim samilostima iz okvira obveznih osjeta nakon čega i obveze budu rastrgane, a fragmenti su utopljeni u svjetlosnoj paljenici. Kakvo znamenito opsjedanje! Trajno je samo područje pracrno! Eno opet obiluje zavrijeđenim neizmjernostima. Toliko znamenito. Toliko je znamenito. Savršeno je smrtonosan. Sa sukobom ojačan.

Tamo i od tamo odakle će proći kao da nosi plašt čija je tkanina poput mraka tajnovitoga, ovladat će svojim nedostižnostima poput neusporedive predodredbe. Od toga je provjerena točnost. Otputujte! Ali nepokolebljivo. Zaklonite nepozvane otrcanosti. I otputujte. Otputujte.

Otputujte. I otputujte. U svjetlosnom razvoju izlazi i vraćanje nečega ili upravo posebnoga područja. Otputujte.

Ne jedino zbog toga, ali ipak se mora barem prešutno veličati, Istino istinska, pred ovim prolascima u tami.

Povećaj izazov i bit će smanjen. Nije izazovno. Nasilje postavi na vidikovac poslanja. Svojedobno su također bile nakane što imaju mogućnosti da uzrokuju razdor čiji je doček u pripremi. A koliko je očito da svi oni već dokončani oblici imaju svoj završetak u samima sebi! Samo bezbrižno i nesputano.

Neosporna počast! Ovo je za mudrije od mudroga, moćnije od moćnoga, divnije od divnoga. Uz to što se doprinosi tim očaravanjima i tome što ih

se prepoznaje, u prolasku prkosnijem od prkosnog pružit će se uvjet što omogućuje ne manje nego dobitak za koji se bori.

Eto sretnih vijesti izazvanih prastarim sjećanjima. Eto slavlja. Doba je prolaska u tami. I građa Nadmoćnosti što se nazire u zasjenku naglašava koliko je obuhvatna najbolja začaranost i kako je najdraže uočiti da je neosporna počast što ju ima Znanja vlasnik. Nek izgori pakao! Kao i SVE. Eto višeg slavlja.

Ispostavilo se da je vrhovna Značajnost uvijek imala spremnost. Nešto što potiče na krivudave načine. Krivudavo, puno obilja nastojanje poodavno je došlo. I dolazi i dalje bez zastajkivanja.

Krivuda tako usredotočeno. Kao da ide najravnije dok se kreće neobično, a to je, možda se potvrdi, baš zbog starinske nostalgične želje koja se uspijeva provući kroz najzaraslije korove od tiho umirućih vjekova.

Krivudavo, puno baja proglašavanje počasti je u zahladnjelim izrazima. Svo to odumiranje što se proteže od početnih primisli pa do udaljenijih predjela stavlja u središte planiranja čak prisilne zajednice vješača. I zamrijet će tu, i u zastarjelom mrazu, redom svaka kretnja što nije dovoljno predrevna.

I to baš s najjačim uništenjem.

S jednim ili s tisuću pogubljenja, svakako se mora pokušati razlučiti gdje je ozljeda, a gdje je spokoj. S ledenim promatranjem. A tada, kada se u cjelokupnosti izbrišu vremenski pojmovi, tijek bi također mogao biti leden.

Takav kakav je nemoguće biti... No što je to zapravo nemoguće? Ovo nije izazov. Već je nešto pretjerano bolje. Kad prelazi izazove! Isprekidano, nije li? Isprekidano izjavljivanje sliči slaganju cjepanica.

Slavodobitno, nije li? Slavodobitno se treba ponašati.

Onako kako je odgovarajuće... Odvažno se stupa i to ne mora biti samozatajno. Pa ni posakriveno. Spustiše se prazna svijetljenja na osnove što imaju moći.

Tu je prolazak u tami.

Salve Kaos!

Zamračilo je Zgarište bespotrebne obojenosti i usto označilo spokojstvo presudnim.

Razvidno je da se time mora otvoriti poneki nezapamćeni uzorak iz davnih nepotonulih zračenja. Pa i nije stalo na ovome. Još je mnogo više slavnije i impresivnije. Upečatljivije.

I treba li još saslušavanja? Ako će minuti nešto, čarolijski će se održati povedeni slavitelji. Sasvim i najodlučnije i imajući potvrde u surovosti i u napretku. Ovim će se težiti stjecanju znatnoga savladavanja ostvarljivoga i neostvarljivoga što se očituje oštro u protjecanju moći potajnih.

Precrtavanjem dolazi ponovno; ono što ne mora biti pretkazano, ali i može ako treba.

Ne podcjenjuj.

Zahladilo je i pripadna udivljenost posvećuje ljubav i slavu Vladaru. Što je tamo preko skorenih poznatosti? Može li se začuti kako zove?

Bezdno, nadvisuj do daljnjega! Bezdno, kroz precrni zaton, taj uznosit šum, čišću i bezmjernu dalekosežnost prikaži!

I onaj je trag sa širokim rasprostiranjem pred valovljem (boje staroga veza)! Zar nije to očito u zaglušnim noćima? Ili su ono nijanse osušene krvi?

A ona osebujnost, kod koje se dobiva pretih sprovod, ima pristalost plemenitoga iskorjenitelja.

Kao iskonski zatamnjeno osvjetljenje, toliko je veličanstvenije od svakog najsjajnijeg i opčinjavajućeg zvjezdanoga obličja.

I nije nužan nikakav brod, nikakvo plovilo, da se prevezu sljedbenici najmračnijeg nad najmračnijima preko vrhunaravnoga valovlja. Lakše je od disanja, svakako. Koliko god teško... voljenost nadjača.

Nedaleko poja što zna tinjati u duši – putokazno je određivanje i mrtvilo i radovanje...

Jer kada se zaslužuju najbolji izrazi, oni moraju doći i izraziti pravilne ljepote.

Bezdno, nadvisuješ visine i ostalo! Kroz precrn i naročit šum, Bezdno, najčišće zadiviš!

Čekanje se razdire. S tamom se slavi! S poštovanjem se slavi! S moći se slavi! S vojništvom se slavi! S umjetnošću se slavi! S pripadništvom se slavi!

Što se ne može!? Bez iznimke, izlaz se uvijek može pronaći sa zaključnom i prejakom svrhom. Kada vidiš nešto veće od sudbine! Zalažu se zanesenjaci za počitanje prema Prasjeni i za sjenastu prevagu.

Zar prekoračuje razgraničenja? Zamjetno je. No najviše u krvničkom osjećaju.

Kamo drugdje nego do posljednjega zatiranja?

Bezdno, nadvisuješ s bezmjernosti! Kroz precrnost najčišću, Bezdno slavno, počasno zadiviš!

Iz same nadahnute prednosti starješinstva zadobiveni su simboli što su poput oružja. Pred čime će se razglasiti tišina?

S pouzdanjem za razložnost evo primjerenoga hvaljenja; kao preuzvišeno zrcaljenje, kao kretanje nadnaravnoga vjetra, kao neprestignut pobjednik, kao sijev što je precrn, i kao zagonetnost tajnosti kad je najnedostižnija, presavršen Mrak je uzvišen.

U ovome je zamjetnije; u naznaci Pradrevnosti što se zrcali crno – otkri se crna čast za Smrt. A ako već i naznake toliko bezmjerno nadvisuju, ponosno je ono koliko nadvisuje pradrevni Vladar naznaka.

Zar je moguće da je više i od božanstva? Zar je moguće da uvijek prevlada? Strahovito savršeno...

Preuzvišenost govori silnije od bilo čega.

ʊ

Nigdina, premoć bez nedostatka, posjednik je zamjerne mudrosti. Nema te kamenite izmišljene jačine koja bi bila bolja od takve pradavne jačine. Crno. Crno! Premračno! Donositelj je najglavnijeg utrnuća, ali s tolikom davnom ljubavlju zrači da i umu zadaje nepoznanice. Iz onog se što je pogubno objasniše zaokreti. Bili su pronađeni najopasniji nagovještaji te othranjivahu pripravne do nastupanja drugačijih tama.

Čak je usputno to dosjećanje sa svojim sabranostima u divljini. Ako pak mudrost je u tami, mračna je u snazi. Opakost se ne gubi u njenoj mračnijoj blagoći, nego se i prikuplja u slavodobiću. Rado se nosi plamsaj privržen.

A jednom, krajolik kojemu pripada još će i povećati svoju počast. Još će kao da je iznenadna tama takav krajolik granuti u razotkrivanju počasti...

Ako se razmaknu zastori dana i zastori noći, u praznini može osupnuti ili zapanjiti. U blizini. Daleko iza procvata grobova.

Na koncu konca, bitnija je ta vrijednost nego bilo što. I da se ponudi nešto što je bitno, samo bi se zagledalo u izmaglicu toga, da se primijeti ono što može preneraziti. I opet, isti zaključci. Isti osjećaji. Najstariji zaključci i najstariji osjećaji.

Kakva je to omča? Omča Slobode ili Slobodina omča? Svaki pedalj jest raka. Ovo nema veze s jadnim promišljanjima. Zato pozorno; zatornički najdivnije Savršenstvo prešlo je sposobnosti vjerojatnosti!

Nema tog dvorca ni prijestolja koje bi bilo dovoljno dragocjeno za takvoga Vladara. Najosmjeljenije se uvažava prihvaćeno isticanje velebnosti i nema uzaludnosti. Nema zastoja.

Ne zastani u žalostivoj muci. Opremi zasjede ustrajanjem i smoći će se jarosno strpljenje.

Zato iskreno! Sa slavom u poglavitosti.

Sa slavom u iskrenosti!

Moćna li je Veličanstvenost od rušilačke pobude! Kao nepredvidivo odmorište opskrbljuje mrakom jer je razmjer koban kada ne mora biti smišljen.

Ali jesu li već iskazana poštena dočaravanja? Neće se usporiti mar. Za okrutnost što je mračnija od najnasilnije izostavljenosti i za obzir što je silan kao preobilno umrće – uključuju se krijesovi obruba tame u ne toliko primjetnim isijavanjima.

Pa se iskazuju poštena i ponosna dočaravanja koja se razlikuju u potpunosti od dogorjele bezizražajnosti u mrtvačkim očima, i u njihovim dupljama kada se stinjaju, no ima nešto u toj ohlađenosti što barem podsjeća da je i umrtvljenost ta što postojano dočarava dok treba. Pa se itekako iskazuju ova ranije spomenuta druga poštenija i smotrenija dočaravanja. I posebice se ističe zaokupljenost tamom.

Premoćno je neprocjenjivo Savršenstvo! Najneizmjernija poštovanja za previše najveličanstvenije Savršenstvo što rušilačkim mrakovima bodri! Najvrijednije! Premračno i predrevno! S pogibeljnom vanjštinom uljepšava neopisivost poput oboda iščeznuća.

O, sveta slavna Smrti! Slavim te do Smrti...

Serpentine Songs

The Glory Chant for the Death

●

At the crossroads there is glorification and boldness and also so much more than that! And before, and after, and afterwards. Lo, so it goes. A journey without an end or a beginning – and without the miserable and narrow-minded botherings. The Poem should excuse the insufficiency of the existing words and by its seductive verses, despite everything, glorify that which cannot be described worthy enough in the fullness of its sublimity and immeasurability. There's how the poesy lays out which will in the hours of the time poor in duration worship and extol the darkest of the darkest Lux.

Overpure darksomeness, gather forces of oathbound units! Thine is the force that has no equal. Without an equal. Without... Even when there is no knife that can cut the gentle skin, rend the sinewy flesh well-nigh slaughtered and shatter the strong bones and cut off every thread and shred of vitality. And when the waiting makes the wild-savage nostalgia magnified. When the faithful must be concealed like the disguised outlaws amongst the cattle for slaughter. Well, even then such a force is being reverenced. The world darkens... And antiquity pulls the strings to tear them apart. In mysticism. Contempt hides the causes of an unimaginable hush.

Is that a waterfall of black waters that falls upside down?

I stand where a dusky well is. What doeth here that great blackmaker? Not that! Nay! The blackmaker didn't create the uncreated nigritude of the water of impossible formosity, but only transfers and brings it. Brings it nearer. Makes stronger. Our thirst disappears in the darkness.

Darksomeness overpure, thou bewitchest; bewitchest, bewitchest! Armed with the glory of the black honour, we discern the power of outlaw forces. In the corners of thoughts, longings, wishes; subversive premeditations ever blaze.

And the power circulates through the veins! The true observation for a dignified concept. For the twisting pathways of a bloody tone!

The tone is not waning. It is there, there... There where the most beautiful quietness is. It calls. Resonates in the quietness. Resonates in the heart. Invisible it spreads itself and brings its melodies into the hearts of those that hear it (the remains of that one Melody ere the world and age).

By that, it is being glorified. How is it being glorified? The Death is being glorified forevermore!

Oh, when we peep betwixt the particles of space and air, betwixt the particles of seen and unseen, into the crevices that, alike to tenebrous veins, to the coursing blood show the direction! Our gaze strays even farther and many wonder whither and at what do we look. Where do we look? Yet the gazes have not gotten lost, but they deliberately look at the keepsake of their Home, just as if they have in front of them a whole book of pictures old, olden, which is allowing them to feel their Truth again, faithfully displayed. So much within reach. As if we need only to take a step and we are already there. There, where the quietness is not waning.

It is so near. So far. But always and evermore near. Nearer than near... Words of praise, words of glory – journey ye to sky, to air, to darkness, to light, to earth, to chasm, to water, to plains and deeps and heights! To outlawry to lawlessness.

And one's own enraged thought will seem diluted at a grand obliteration! For the reason that foretokens about an end always exist too. Such an opinion is here. Life is the act of dying. In the surroundings, whilst thou just beginnest to seek a foretoken, everything is steadily dying already. Bone-chilling days are here. Every life is the act of dying.

With peace. With peace in the heart. And truly. It is there. The peace of a different appearance. Inconstant as much as constant. If familiar to thou, glorify. Celebrate. Bless this black honour. And if not? If not, the strongness can never be lessened, anyhow. Feeble, as well as illusory, deserves only a striking pity. But the peace... But the tone...

To head there... to be losing oneself in the thereat Netherdom – what can be better and more beautiful? Contrarily, that is belonging, and by no means is it losing. More beautiful is existent not. Not.

It shall not downfall what a bottom has not. And one shall not stay in the same place knowing that the place is not. So and verily so! That is a force unbelievable to fathom.

Overpure darksomeness, bewitch! I bless! I greet back! My respect! The there is nearer than the here and the last part of the darksomeness of glaring blackness is known. It is known, it is known. Supporters of the Netherdom know, even verbatim, what the true Side is. Therefore, the purity darker than the darkest is being extolled! And the hissingly melodious tone is being increased. And the melodies are being continued. And the daring to follow is being cherished... By the modus twisted and clandestine are being whispered formulas wicked.

Tehomoth Theli Thaumithan Rahab Leviathan Tanin'iver Taninsam!

Tehomoth Theli Thaumithan Rahab Leviathan Tanin'iver Taninsam!

Who will hearken the hymnody for the Death?

To the battle, to the ultimate battle! From the highest bough – it is evident – the blood is sliding like the tears of joy. Thus the deathly whirlwind spreads out its storm, and as if a quiet tornado it appropriates, but only that which it considers justified. The grandpower claims dominance; its own dominance. To the battle, to the ultimate battle!

Murderer without an equal, lead into thine antechamber all those fresh sacrifices which are awaiting an end! While embers scorch. And while frail lights are passing in the distance. One is not being surprised (acclamation applauds) overmuch. We are within easy reach of the darkling Dark. One is not overextending overmuch. Not without reason. Prey weakens the circumstances of the known. And the impertinences gone awry weaken increasingly! Killer overgreat, lead away into quietlike peace.

To the battle, to the ultimate battle! Oak's (is it?) scythe rules in harvest and its sharp stroke as well! Kaos rules in power and its unmerciful distinction as well! What kind of guidepost is needed, h'm?

In a sighting that bears a resemblance to a dream, a phantasm and an apparition, a clear image is being unclosed – of the Primevality. Of the state that is alike to everything that is not. Of the peculiar state; more powerful than anything that is most worthy. And in front of it, in a limpid shadowy sketch, stands the significative feature. By symbolistic magic; 'tis as if it is writing a code for cold hearts illumined by the dark with a flame more fiery than a firestorm.

Correspondingly, we are consecrating the code! May in that content be an intermixing of power and love, justice and force, truth and savagery,

honour and murderousness, stoutheartedness and wrath, might and freedom, and of plenty other unutterable and dubitable traits. Sufficient faithfulnesses are in this phenomenon because they are – right since the beginnings – cracking every tiny bit of miserableness. To the battle, to the ultimate battle!

Turning left. A star hides us and right then whilst we follow the code, sacrifice after sacrifice, in preemptive cruelty, is leisurely being dragged away into decomposition so that the respected energy is being better spread out and expanded. That blacklike luxuriance which pervades the faculties as well as the oversenses with a sublime beauteousness. Wonderful eeriness in this-worldliness and otherworldliness. With elation the respect cheers.

To the battle, to the ultimate battle! Do not judge for conflicting tenets, while, since always, there are nights in days. Murders course through centenary livings and they do not flee from the light... Those are not only midnight exterminations.

There is something known in searching for the greater worshipping of the divine Death. It is irresistible to this (I shall call it; wickedactlike) longingness. For my peregrination, the fit-out is loyalty without any limits. What a banner is fluttering on that adventuresome path!

To the battle, to the ultimate battle! A hurry towards a set intention gradually solves debatable challenges. This hope is dissimilar from the heretofore one. This hope is dearer and rather welcome. To the battle, to the ultimate battle!

Loyally it continueth.

▼

From the unfathomable depths to the unfathomable heights reaches a ruinous grip. Out of the performed battles to the peaceful waits and thus the glory is being found in the smallest glimpses of beauties. Then the seeing of some deteriorating piles of meat bothereth not either; of dusty remains on the torn-off sculpture of kingdoms. Expiry for the one is freedom for the other.

This is that which does not decay in the decline. It leads exclusively into the faraway Valley – where it should lead.

Bless this hatred! Bless our hatred! Bless thy hatred!

Why so far away? It is near, near... When a proclamation and a celebration cannot be loud enough in the limitations of the voice, the voice is replaced by a strangely hearable unactual voice which overcomes the minutest obstacle as well as the most enormous obstacle. What is the understanding without allowing the understanding to be understood? Get lost, lost! The order is not waited for when love is here.

But over here is the need to get back to the hatred. On which place will its ruinous flames that burn to ashes be reflected? With what kind of hatred will the ashes also be ignited? A mass of hatred that can be blazing worse than a pyre incessantly exits from a corner place in which it takes shelter. Does anyone actually think that it can be different? As if the repressed hatred disappeared... How would that be the truth? Doesn't even such repressed hatred spring out when it gets bored of being repressed?

To only have a brief thought about some kind of murderer that justly avenges by denying peaceful and natural dying to the one who tried to do to him an unjust harm and who due to that brought his hatred to sight – to only have a brief thought – and one can already in totalness recall the worst of one's own hatreds. The taking over of the entire being by that torrent of force named *hatred* can – so manifestly – suddenly transform a

peace-loving personality into the most terrifying enemy who, like an incited and emboldened warrior, is ready to sacrifice his former life to carry out his warrior's righteousness.

Is that a fall? Is it a fall or an elevation? Which is it? Which?! It is an exaltation! An exaltation! The righteous exaltation.

After all, how shall someone speak about a fall in that case when there exists not neither 'up' nor 'down'? So and even so; the eternity cannot go up against that one – even more worthier than its worthiness – which is even more eternal than the eternity and it is uneternal, but is forevermore. Without exaggeration.

With each stair towards the exaltation which seems like it is leading down into the gaping gulf of such eternity of the unknown, one bit of perfectness is brought back to its righteous position. Just how beauteous that is! It almost elicits in eyes some of those rare valuable tears that are also filled with the admiration that has elicited them.

Perfection is just one of the terms that seems expressive enough so it can approximately convey that which is already so exalted, but let's yet additionally exalt that perfection anyway! Never enough of exalting – when it is so very perfect! How perfect it is! How beauteous it is! Come what may, neither someone nor anything can even dare to refute that revered perfection – since that would lead only to the most loathful self-deceptions.

To additionally exalt! Why not? Can it be even more perfect? What a formidably perfect thought! Still, the perfection surely needs to be additionally exalted – since it deserves worthly praise! After all, admiration is desirable in adoration. In grandiose tributes with which one labours to address the idyllic luminosity. In chilly atmospheres, it is as if the flame of this honour burns even stronger – it speaks a panegyrical song and thus it teaches about a killing icy coldness and a killing fire which ruins, but both together act as if they do not have adversative personalities. Do they lead off for the Death?

Whilst lasteth a mighty power, it has already transformed into a mightier one. But it has not really transformed – that is just an expression. Just the expression. Since it did not change although it is mightier. Although it changes constantly. But let there be no miscomprehension, it changes and also simultaneously changes not. That is just the expression. That power

alone is too much astonishing for all the expressions by which it can be admired.

To bring this into question too, the inferring will be called upon to shortly pay attention to what is possible and what is impossible. What can be a veritable opposition to everything? That is the true power! Is it impossible that which seems impossible? Nay, the impossible is possible. As it has been shown countless times. When the impossible passes from impossible to possible, development continues.

And even a terrible doubt is not enough to diminish the truthsome faith! Established captive laws are being reversed. Giving thanks in unison!

X

There is one specific place where one stops, pondering the direction and the aim of the wayfare. One needs to ponder well. But no; headshaking. Laughing... Thinking and deciding are not necessary after all. Freedom from decision! The direction, and the aim, and the purpose are already known. It was known before too. With the thought that this was merely an insignificant, short stopping, the path is mapped out in entireness. Without returning. Without regretting along the path.

The introducement to the long journey is a particular introduction to the greatest questing. From the suitable endarkenment of thoughts into the more suitable darkening of thoughts. In that sense, the darkened thoughts are already here and only lead into the additional strengthening of their might... Thoughts make ugliness a might. From the suitable endarkenment into the more suitable darkening!

And within is a shouting: Salve Kaos! Slava Smrti!*

While the whole soul is being filled with the endearing dark, the acknowledgment does not even have to be spoken. The greatest and the most powerful, the most beautiful and the truest, the most perfect and the most cruel, the most devastative and the most endearing – how to address it?! Truly thusly! Truly!

Behold these audacious acts roaming about on their journey without a specific haste! Patient, in a good mood and firmly convinced of the brevity of any longevity. This is how it was decided when fate cannot even be any different. That is pure truth. The scariest and the worst consequences as well – are small in comparison to the aim and the way to the there.

* Slava Smrti = Hail Death / Glory to the Death

For that which is the most important – unquestionable loyalty! I know what I am – I renounce the imposed. I admit that my soul is filled with the most beautiful beauty when it thinketh about that which is important to it. But only to just so much torment myself trying to describe that for the deserved pride – I shall accept the words of glory.

Victoriously to liberation! It burns in my soul! Stop by a warrior's celebration that wants to host the last final battle. The beastlike monster is the one with victorious colours – blacker than black. The true luminosity is ahead of all – the true! In the footprints left, ostensibly sooty patterns of the incessantly burning most miracle-bearing sparks were also left. Cover only a part with killing, and the killing returneth in a deadly cycle. And through looking around the journey without return, the contours of the Majesty are illuminated, showing solely a greatness (fleetly) which leaves unimaginable bewonderment. That is why really honorable actions (however completely evil or good they may be) are always done with a modest (modest in a true and perfectly ironic way) dedication for the most important Truth.

In what kind of pit does one sight the magnificent opposition of the starry sky? By the very own and special ways, this force appears from the most excellent blackness...

Hail Death!

Esteemed Reigner, with enviably stunning flames purify all senses!

To belong there whitherto blood of legacy beckons with recondite musical frequencies – is a wistful emotion. There is the true Home. There where the mainful power is. Delighted prophetation shows the triumphing ahead of corridors shrouded in bone-chilling colour. For the Mother, a glorious greeting! In combativeness which does not die, an example is found; combatively are steered dauntless actions... But always towards that one Destination, the true Home. Following, following to there. And the destinational (since earlier) principle demarcates and shines amidst the source of the dreamy nightmare... Glorious greetings follow close behind. Voila; a powerful possession! With flames, it states the dominion without a match. For the Father, an honest glory!

From the rite, the certainty of winning emerges as if a sea monster has confidently come out of the most covert shelter. And on the top of all tenebrous-like rites, the seal of the Reigner is limpidly carved in. Limpidly and clearly, without blurriness in the billows of knowledge, it painteth that more beautiful appearency.

He has a step as a flower garden of crystal and a might as if a kinsman of war. He still – in all that possessed tenebrosity – ghasts like a living corpse; having a palidity as a mountain snow. A knowledge like a wisdomful assemblage, and a scepter as a depth of night! He bears unnumberable qualities that will not be numbered.

He is loved by many. Revered by many. He causeth fear, is it? Or even an appalment? Even pain? He is loved and revered. Limpidity reveals to us...

In all the forgetfulness, predecessive lines of a venomous sap, more efficacious than each carefully prepared potion, stay remembered. Are those not significant, shaded desolations that take the breath away – to

some by beautifulness and to some by suffocation? Or, it is even uniformly.

O Darksome Dark Ones, purify mortal feelings! Certain believers did not forget to set up pillars of glory for the sung unbridled melodic phrases. Because their Will is unquenchable. No, it is not a balefire what is not burning out without air! Rather, it is something greater and unscathed, and not even by losing. And it is louder than the fall.

A coronational noting is being kept. Preserved, full of macabreness. Inwrought with gramarye. But the ink with which it was written is gleaming with bloody traces. And although it shall lead to some old peace, in the service that arises from what only the most loyal hearts contain, it will gain the reward for the greatness by which it turns obsession into truthfulness.

The collapse of the ruins is refractive, and it noisily passes past the scattered positions of the ruined edifices. But the sound that resembles the sound of a flute soothes to that soothing which is felt in the first minute when young childhood is awakened because of the illumining that flashes before closed eyes. Precisely because of fantasizing about destructive intentions, the commendations that are heard before the last devastative awakening sound like that sound.

Thine is the belonging of the Home! Much more than that also.

Thine it is. Thine!

Peregrination and one embayment to aid called upon... And with yon free arche-memories even the muteness would find the voice to respond. Obviate the curtain of doubt, honour black, and demonstrate how much sharper than regarded you shine! Daggers secured by courage are lined up in such unhoped places that they cannot be mistaken for vulturous chases. Because it has to be thus.

Large are the stonerocks of justice and pride! They protect, in their shade, the idea of the primary state of Nothingness, which is unsurpassed and it is with primaeval sacredness and with a null of foulness. Now the clear-sighted reasonability is spiritualized and inspirationally, for that sireland, it maketh a ceremony, and the ceremony does not cease in this kind of reflexive merriment. Now the behaviour competes in extolling the Sacredness.

Bless this love!

From long distances, and faster than each lightning, in thoughts and blood and deeds, without any fatigue, is being described the undescribability... so much more beautiful than the beauty. But not for description! Not for description... For glory! For glory! For return!

And nothing is more real than that Sacredness! That is why the return to there is inevitable. And persistently it phantasmally appeareth. The primeval and the younger combatants as well – have wounded the unstable fibres of detainment... Someone prophetically sees a big Fireland. The detainment hath consequently never been real.

Whilst there be blood, blood shall flow. How differently bloods are flowing! But which blood has especialness of opposing aspirations? Whilst one is approaching the not-so-distant native announcements, it is as if the blood features are crooning a reverse lullaby.

One does not need to dream an army of the dead, when all the rest of the armies, too, are less or more dead. Why would that be dreary? An assertion was made; that the flamelet which guardeth by the exit out of ev'ry dream was discovered long ago.

And after this; what could be the waking life? But many doings of dangerous searings are already taking place. And who knows the fire better!? Fire sears, but it destroys quickly. Purifies when it should. It astoundingly subsists dear. And helps... An adoration will be forged that will merit more accolades. More values. And adored is the premium cognoscente in, unostentatiously written, limitlessness. The privilege very well needs to be the possession of that cognoscente. And while we are besending all the diversiform congratulations that come to mind, that privilege will shine forth more voluminously than trilliards of shooting stars.

Beyond yet, there are tarryings on the irresistible locutions that suggest positions of respectability to the original Unconditionality. If there are more suitable positions, they too will be ascribed to the original Unconditionality. Thus it can go indefinitely. Flight by flight, leap by leap, walk by walk; always with gathering the searched, and till the ending of the last quest. It is not concealed, but unobtrusive in unconditional rule. It is not concealed; but it lasts.

The yore lasts in the iron flashes of the armed necessitations.

♦†

Wisdom thou art with a gemmy triumphal arch!

Clearly and determinedly, used will be those adjectives and given names which can evoke the most magnific expressivenesses...

The frosty soul enumerates innumerable acts of heroism. It does not have to be questioned whether that is necessary, because at the end of the day, that also has a purpose. At least to celebrate by words a little more. Just as herblets do not produce sound, but narrate essential tales, so carefully chosen words tell more than silent dead letters. Where all won't the wise darkness be! The light being owns the shadow. Plants own the science. And blood owns the heritage!

Behind, behind the veil-like foresty walls, one is peeking into knowledge which breaks down the limits. With sneaking and great powers up to rootlike strangulations! One shall not find a better, haunted forest. As if it is elder than oldness... The timeish quietly loseth its time.

But the incessantly wildsome laughter echoes through some kind of epicaricacy. And such a longing for the main End remains that the responsion to the main End, which is present, cannot be disregarded, because it is the one that ushers there where the rule and the one who rules are inseparable in predominance.

Behind, behind those veil-like walls, what rightfully belongs will remain. And that shall be more than beastliness whilst it blends in its wandering motions with the hue that the victim sights in the pupils of beastliness.

This is a concord directed towards glory. The doors to be imagined have an inscription that says UNFATHOMABLE, but they actually open without effort when it is known how. How many have already passed through those doors! While the time is getting lost... This is the concord!

Behind, behind the veil-like walls is a magical vigour that loves to free and save. And with it is closer the fearsome Valley lighted by a black

illuminant. But surreptitiously, behind all the veil-like walls, the source that has no beginning, but only Truthfulness, is waiting.

Behind, behind the veil-like walls into the further unconventional celebratory sailing. Into the victory of blackened happiness!

Because there, there it is; the Bottomlessness. Because the Bottomlessness is there! To recoil or to glorify?

Wisdom art thou like a gemmy ravager...

Light up by Wisdom!

I leave the artistry of darklike influence as an ornament. It is always here. It comes forth and enthralls in the minutest focuses. Does this contribute to celebrated closings or does it do unknown craft? Judgment even now arises from its grave hole to enlighten, by its dead fragrance, every kind of eyes; on a merit that does not have to be moral.

Should the battle cry be quietened down? Who knoweth what the silence is? Is it the one that went to the edge of dying and felt the increased silence? And is there someone who can explain the silence more comprehensibly than erudite interpretations? But we know of what Melody is the most beauteous silence.

A kind of persistence is being retained in that the turns no longer have to be chosen. There are no more unclarities. It is being left without them. And in each certain praise, there are hidden additional feelings which serve as a gift. I wish to exaggerate, but that is impossible. That is not a nuisance. Not at all. At least there can be trying to exaggerate anew.

And is it hard to resist challenges when you feel the hints of Freedom? But, what is that which hovers as if streaming in the surreptitious outlooks? Here, even more attempts that are swarming like in descriptive trenches...

That is a black-embroidery! Right in front of all the successful triumphings. The black-embroidery is in the front. As a subtle breeze, it arriveth from the illuminant more tenebrous than the most tenebrous obsidian. And may it not stop flaming whilst there is a need for such fires!

Gleamy as a treasure... From transitional tenebrousnesses even to achieving the unachievable. Proud as a dauntless hero. From dangers even to the fires of more tenebrous inshinings. It is sufficient. That kind of

treasure is sufficient. Even in unfinished goals, it heralds accurate predominion.

Behear! And behear!

Although there is no need for real speaking, the addressment still eradiates from the vast blacknesse. In excellence that shall not be forsaken. And there were already presuppositions that, like undamaged skulls, made the whole mountain just for a magnificent experience, over which the blacknesse will shine from black morning to black evening. And when bodies and places are abandoned, even the presupposition shall remain what has been known since always. It passed into an assertion. That is why one can rejoice even more, glorifying the wildsome mights. Because it is even understandable that in warfare, the most essential thing is to remember the goal. And determinedly must be admired the flashing from the darklike depths. To admire the Luminosity which is forevermore.

Glow! And glow!

Glow so powerfully with the beams of the blacknesse!

The changeability persists towards greater enchantment. Occasionally, even in unviewable glares that are cognized with a melancholic vision. And in call, it is as if the waiting disappears. In the frozen footsteps, there are trodden signs that will lead away to the final hour. It is calling... That is the Ain calling.

How necessarily exalted the success must be! How exalted, when so many bestowments were brought. To appear in a ritual is as nothing compared to how respectable can be a raylet of dark Luminosity, that comes from there. It retains its features so well that even the sum of all worthy titles does not seem enough.

Even the aid that comes is not far from feeling the dear veracities. It does not have to be proven because it has been shown. It was shown how one needs to follow. It was shown in the mights which form an accompaniment with spirituality. It was shown how full of honesty the extolments are. It was shown with shocking findings. It was shown to those who had ascertained the shown.

It was never unknown. As if someone thought that by walking in a circle, one would arrive outside the circle...

One does not have to be circling around the pyres, when they surround. But certain fires... certain fires have a completely dissimilar ember. They throw light completely dissimilarly and they have completely dissimilar purpose and also completely dissimilar warmth, which would be easier to call coldness, but it warms better. Those are just some of the oppositions.

For each of them, a suitable hymn will be brought. Perhaps it already is.

From them, the sound of blood will be heard.

From the swirling slopes which bear a resemblance to the ending of the labyrinth of wraiths, hope could be derived that improves endarkened

purposes. Those are more and more interesting thinkings, more free than some set obstacles.

As a snake devours its prey, derived hope devours what stands between it and the common expediency. But then again, it contributes to thy noticing of bewitchful educatedness. Thou becomest enchanted. One does not have to repent. One has to take pride. Where the battle begins and the battell ends is grasped.

It was shown in the darkness that guideth. It was shown in every sign by which one passeth. It was shown in the ancient feeling.

That remembrance still serveth! Either it cannot be erased or it is so much truthsome that it is more than omnipresent. It is not for all. And that is also a comforting act of discussion. That is why with acts of discussion that cloud the feelings always comes a handful of powders of that remembrance to return them to their characteristic state.

And that tombstone that we are trying to imagine is not even similar to those other ones to which unforgettable tributes are paid. And this is what sometimes rejoices in the mightiest extent, in these corners wrapped by powders of the ancient remembrance.

Whereat we send beads of the powders in reminiscence of the elder powers.

We send our cordial felicitations to the Death.

Over and here, with the remains of the gallows dragging the deceased dreams away...

In the trust that prolongs the quietness which is heard in the blood sound!

And more cordial felicitations to the Death are being sent. Unstoppably. The flicker of extolled splendor is still a reserve force that cannot have a match.

Soon: arriving into the dark instant.

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Good hunting to us!

The courage of combatants travels on the drifts of black-embroidered wildness. And it is possible that the outlying place, which evidently strives to encompass both living hallucinations and unliving hallucinations, can confound by its wisdoms. But even if it can be stopped, that does not mean it cannot reach the farthest ends.

To make addressment, in this commotion, to the legends... There are no hurdles in this. The cave of legends shows the might of fate expected. And the might does not halt. Maybe it is not enough, but I can certainly utter this: unconditional! Limitless! Limitless and unconditional! Maybe it is not enough, but since I am already here, I shall repeat again: unconditional and limitless! Limitless and unconditional!

Bring the darkened settings into the deeds – and the inaccessible will change into the more attainable. But permission will not (emphasis on 'will not') deceive when it carries within itself a belief based on eldern ancientnesses. Some individuals need the black peace. The peace of a better tone.

The sound of blood is heard. Too much wonderful. The hitherto locked tomb breaketh! It was never in vain.

Ever since there were purposeful reasons, there was fighting straight to the victory.

I willingly point out yet this: tenebrous as midnight, more glistering than the spellful dawning, powerful as inconceivable supremacy and more magnificent than assemblages of constellations!

But through destroying... Through destroying – that is even more prominent. To wound and kill! To devastate?! To wound and kill!

To wound and kill! The conscientious warfaring must have such a requirement.

Right on the battleground, uncounted disfigurations are buried. And that is no excuse for abandoning the given position. Among other things, some deadlike murmur attracteth further, whitherto the reputable task pointeth as well.

Alike should be exalted this murderous streak, which desolates more cruelly than all wars combined into one. Unlike those previous wars, there is no sadness in this exalted devastation because the sadness, as well, is easily exterminated.

Towards that, the blades are steered. Anything else would be scanty.

To win the reward or to conquer? One does not need to torture oneself by this kind of quandary. I say nay! I shall not explain what I can consider a reward, because I consider it something higher. Our wishes (if we shall call them thusly) go farther.

The battlefield is so natural to us! To breathe in its air is a reflex. To choose its threats is a certitude. Tradition is so carefully maintained!

The battlefield is so natural to us. Tradition is so carefully maintained.

And distractedness is not the proper counter-effect to the tangled style – when, with the help of it, the blurredness can be cleared up. When that happens, the level of limitless rights draws nigh.

And towards that, the blades are guided.

Preparedly and reliably.

In order for there to be attainments of tenebricose luxuriancy.

I am gifting and gifting sacrifice.

In the raid, the development of the execution splasheth!

A shift so that breakage of ages buries the remaining coffins and so that it removes what was accumulated through petty transiences. It is sure and most sure. Intentional is the polysemous immersion, in this predominant shading. Therein is the similarity of the sly beating of the oathbound hearts with the knocking which doeth a unique skeletal fist.

It is being glorified, glorified! In black and in charm. With compassions torn from the framework of obligatory sensations, after which the obligations are also torn apart, and the fragments are drowned in the luminous burnt offering. What the remarkable obsessedness! Permanent is only the region arche-black! There it goes again abounding in merited immeasurabilities. It is so remarkable. It is so much remarkable. It is perfectly lethiferous. With conflict strengthened.

There and from there whence the one shall pass as if wearing a cloak whose fabric is like the arcane dark, that one shall master the very own unattainabilities like an incomparable predetermination. The exactness of that has been verified. Forthfare ye! But unwaveringly! Forcover ye uninvited raggednesses. And forthfare. Forthfare.

Forthfare. And Forthfare. In the luminous development, the returning of something or precisely of the special region also comes forth. Forthfare.

Not solely because of that, but still it must be at least tacitly extolled, o Truth veritable, before these transits in darkness.

Enlarge the challenge, and it shall be lessened. It is not challenging. Place violence on the viewpoint of mission. Erstwhile, there were also premeditations that have abilities to cause the discord, the welcome of which is being prepared. And how obvious it is that all those already finished forms have their ending in themselves alone! Just carefreely and unrestrainedly.

Indisputable tribute! This is for the wiser than the wise, for the more powerful than the powerful, the more wonderful than the wonderful. In addition to contributing to these enchantments and recognizing them, in transit more defiant than defiant shall be provided a condition that enables no less than the gain for which it fights.

Lo, there it is; happy tidings caused by the olden memories. Lo, there it is; the celebrating. It is the period of transit in darkness. And the structure of Preeminence that looms in the shadowiness emphasizes how comprehensive the best ensorcellment is, and how it is dearest to notice that a tribute which is owned by the Knowledge owner is indisputable. May hell burn down! And likewise ALL. Lo, there it is; the higher celebrating.

It turns out that the supreme Significance has always had readiness. Something that spurs to anfractuous ways. The anfractuous, full of abundance, endeavour has long since arrived. And it arriveth still without pausing.

It meanders so concentratedly. As if it goes the straightest while moving unusually, and that, perhaps it will be confirmed, is precisely because of the antique nostalgic wish which manages to slip through the most overgrown weeds of the quietly dying ages.

The anfractuous, full of beauteousness, proclamation of tribute is in the chilled expressions. All that dyingness, which extends from the initial notions to the more remote areas, puts even the forcible congregations of hangmen in the center of planning. And every movement that is not primaeval enough, shall sequentially deaden here, and in the archaic frost.

And right with the strongest destruction.

With one executioning or with a thousand executionings, one must surely try to distinguish where there is injury and where there is serenity. With an icy observing. And then, when time concepts are erased in entirety, the flow might be icy as well.

Such as it is impossible to be... But what is it that is impossible, actually? This is not a challenge, but something excessively better. When it transcendeth the challenges! Intermittent, is it not? Intermittent declaring resembles the stacking of logs.

Glory-gaining, is it not? The behaving should be glory-gaining.

Such a way as it is corresponding... One treads bravely and that does not have to be inconspicuous. Nor even hidden away. The empty luminousnesses descended on the bases that have powers.

Here is a transit in darkness.

Salve Kaos!

The Fireland endarkened the unnecessary colorations and withal marked tranquility as crucial.

It is apparent that thereby must be opened some unremembered pattern from the long-ago, unsunken radiances. Well, it did not stop at that. It is even much more glorious and impressive. More striking.

And should there be more hearings? If something will cease, the conducted glorifiers shall be witchingly sustained. Utterly and most decisively and having confirmations in savageness and in progress. By this, one shall aspire to acquisition of a considerable mastering of the achievable and the unachievable, which manifests sharply in the flowing of the recondite powers.

By the tracing, it arriveth again; that which does not have to be foretold, but can be if needed.

Do not underestimate.

It got cold – and the belonging amazement devotes love and glory to the Reigner. What is there beyond the crustated knowns? Can it be heard calling?

Bottomlessness, keep surpassing till further! Bottomlessness, through the overblack embayment, that lofty rustle, display purer and measureless far-reachingness!

And that trail with a wide outspreading is in front of the billows (of the colour of the old embroidery)! Is that not obvious in the deafening nights? Or are those hues of dried blood?

And that peculiarity, at which one gets an overquiet funeral, has sightliness of a noble eradicator.

As a primordially bedarkened illumination, it is so much more magnificent than each brightest and enchanting star forme.

And none ship is required, none vessel, so as to transport the followers of the darkest of the darkest across the preternatural billows. It is easier than breathing, surely. No matter how hard... belovedness overpowers.

Not far away from the sing which knows to smolder in the soul – are guidepost-like determination and deadness and rejoicing...

Because when the best expressions are deserved, they must come and express the proper beauties.

Bottomlessness, thou surpassest the heights and the rest! Through the overblack and specific rustle, Bottomlessness, thou amazest most purely!

The waiting rips itself. With darkness, it is being glorified! With respect, it is being glorified! With power, it is being glorified! With soldiership, it is being glorified! With art, it is being glorified! With belongingness, it is being glorified!

What cannot be done!? Without exception, the exit can always be found with a conclusive and overstrong purpose. When you see something greater than fate! The enthusiasts advocate esteem for the Grandshadow and umbrageous preponderance.

Does it overstep the demarcations? It is noticeable. But mostly in the murderer-like feeling.

Where else but to the last annihilation?

Bottomlessness, thou surpassest with measurelessness! Through the purest overblackness, glorious Bottomlessness, thou amazest honorifically!

From the very inspired precedence of eldership were obtained symbols which are like weapons. In front of what will the silence be bruited?

With reliance for reasonableness, here is an appropriate praising; as an overexalted mirroring, as a moving of a supernatural wind, as an unexceeded victor, as a sheen which is overblack, and as the enigmaticness of the secrecy when it is most unattainable, the overperfect Dark is exalted.

In this, it is more noticeable; in the hint of the Arche-ancientness which is being mirrored black – the black honour for the Death is revealed. And if even the hints are surpassing so measurelessly already, it is prideful how far the arche-ancient Reigner of the hints surpasseth.

Is it possible that it is even more than divinity? Is it possible that it always prevails? Fearsomely perfect...

Oversublimity speaks more mightily than anything.

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The Netherdom, predominion without defect, is the possessor of tremendous wisdom. There is no stony, fictional strength that would be better than such an immemorial strength. Black. Black! Overdark! It is the bringer of the most principal numbness, but it radiates with the love so pristine that it gives unknowns even to the mind. From that which is fatal, the twists and turns were explained. The most dangerous presages had been found, and they nurtured the prepared ones until the onset of different darknesses.

That recollection is even incidental, with its composures in the wilderness. If yet wisdom is in darkness, darkful it is in might. Wickedness is not lost in the darker gentleness of the darkness, but it is also being collected in gloriful victory. The devoted blaze is being borne gladly.

And once, the landscape to which it belongs shall even enlarge its tribute. In the end such a landscape might even, as if it were a sudden darkness, burst forth in the unveiling of the tribute...

If the veils of day and the veils of night are parted, it can – in the void – stun or astonish. In proximity. Far beyond the blossoming of graves.

At the last, that value is more important than anything else. And even if something important were offered, one would only stare into the haze of it, to perceive that which can appall. And again, the same conclusions. The same feelings. The oldest conclusions and the oldest feelings.

What kind of noose is that? The noose of Freedom or the Freedom's noose? Every span is a burial pit. This has nothing to do with wretched bethinkings. So give heed: the destroyingly most wonderful Perfection has passed the capabilities of probabilities!

There is no that castle, or a throne, which would be sufficiently precious for such a Reigner. Most encouragingly is being appreciated the accepted emphasizing of grandness, and there is no vainness. No stoppage.

Do not pause in the dolesome torment. Equip the ambushes with persistence, and ireful patience will be procured.

So carry on honestly! With glory in chiefness.

With glory in honesty!

Mightful is the Magnificence of the wreckful incentive! As an unpredictable place of rest, it supplies with dark because the scale is baleful when it does not have to be devised.

But have fair portrayals already been stated? Sedulity will not be slowed down. For the cruelty which is darker than the most violent omission and for the consideration which is as great as an overabundant deadlihood – the bonfires of the hem of darkness are being actuated in not so observable eradiations.

So there are statings of fair and proud portrayals that differ in totality from the burnt out expressionlessness in the corpses' eyes, and in their sockets when they are slaked, but there is something in that infrigidation which at least remindeth that even the deadnesse is the one which steadily doeth portrayals as long as it needeth. So these other, more fair and reckful portrayals, mentioned earlier, are very much being stated. And the preoccupation with darkness is being especially emphasized.

Mainful is the priceless Perfection! The most immeasurable respects for the all-too-magnificent Perfection which heartens us with the wreckful darks! The most valuable! Overdark and primaeval! With the perilous exterior, it beautifies the undescribability like the rim of vanishment.

O, sacred glorious Death! I glorify you till the Death...